THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GEORGE DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
JEREMIAH PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS,

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1613.

Choice Poetry.

MUSINGS IN THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

BY DR. CHATFIELD.

Met on field nothing worthy of his Maker—
Every vapor Jehovah's magnificent fane,
Down to the humble chapel of the Quaker,
All, all are vain.

The wanderer would which He Himself created,
In the fit temple of Creation's dome?
Thou may'st worship best be ministered,
And praise poured.

In silent earth, in vast the sky untented,
Sun, moon and stars, are lamps that give it light,
And clouds, by the ministry of angels sent,
Its pastors bright.

In choir, all vocal things, where glad devotion
In one united hymn to heaven ascends;
The thunder-peal, the winds, the deep-mouthed ocean,
Its organ chords!

The face of Nature, its God-written Bible,
Which all mankind may study and explore,
While none can censor, interdict, or libel,
Its living lore.

Heaven hears us that our Maker—Father—Mother
Knows our declarations; endless as recall,
Sheds His imperial grace and protection
Alike on all.

Thus by Divine example do we partake,
That every man should love alike all others,
Christian, Jew, Pagan, children of our Father,
Ah, all are brothers!

Contrivance, Heaven's silent oracle, the counsel
Of right and wrong is every human heart,
Nobody chastened the impractical transgressor
Of Nature's part.

The power and the virtues, though assailed
By human folly, are the nation's surest defence,
Still, in their bosoms, find a power unfailed,
Unfailing peace.

Hence do we learn that mankind can is handed,
Since Heaven pursues it with strong love and care,
While goodness, self-rewarded, must be granted
To some and all.

Oh! That most visible, yet unseen Teacher,
Whatever dogma or creed we may profess,
Oh! That most audible, but unheard Preacher,
Whose sermons circle

Are seen and read in all time! That I might learn
With Thee look down and listen, if, when I kneel,
Apart from mankind's frame, I feel the torment
Of loneliness!

(In the temple Thine own hands have fashioned,
Found in the bright sky, in the forenoon or wood,
I pour to Thee, with feeling heart responsive,
My gratitude.)

If in Thy present miracles surrounded,
Most eyes behold, wherever I have kneeled,
Were proof of the Eternal's love,
If, hearing Thee, I love the world, I'm rewarded!
Keeping my bosom undefiled by guilt,
My Tears receive and bless, and cure my grief!
Then will, Thou will!

Original Novelet.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

AUTHOR OF "THE IRON HAND," "ADAM; OR, THE PROVIDENCE," "THE WIFE'S BURDEN," "TEMPERANCE TALES," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

The position in which Mary Lynn found herself, was an exceedingly trying one; trying to her personally, as well as to her principles of action. The letter of accusation against her reached Mrs. Barker and Caroline, remained in her possession. As to its authorship, there was no room for doubt. That Emerson had something to do with it, she felt sure. But it had the air of having been written by a female hand, or governed it to be written—she could not be sure. But she did not know this, and, therefore, did not feel that it would be right to pronounce action thereon.

A very brief interview with Mr. Barker's family, served to attach her strongly to every member thereof; increasing very much also on to the care of Caroline, whose gentleness of heart and correctness of principle manifested themselves to her more and more every day. The relation between Mary and the family was reciprocal. Like attracts like by the law of spiritual affinities. So it was in the present case.

William, the eldest son of Mr. Barker, who had been at school until the commencement of May, as she left the house on an occasion previously related to us, was one of the least favorably affected by the sphere of vision that surrounded the lovely girl. Every time he met her, he felt drawn towards her, and was not slow to see her one chance of beauty. Frequently he spoke of her in his absence, and in such terms of praise, that Caroline at length became ill at ease pleasantly with him about losing his heart to the fair governess. This threw the young man's thoughts back upon themselves, and he felt rather awkward and confused.

Mary Lynn, however, was not long a resident in the young girl than was agreeably, considering the different relations each held to society. In a fortnight, or perhaps more, she sought to turn himself from her. This, however, did not appear to be necessary, for Mary was determined, she knew, to keep them at a distance.

"I heard that Miss Caroline Barker was to be married to Mr. Emerson in a week or two," she remarked to Ellen.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Lynn, quickly.—"There isn't a word of truth in it."

"Why, mother, I was told by Miss Barker herself that she was to be married to Mr. Emerson in a few weeks."

"Then she told you a lie, that's all. Caroline, referring to his sister.

"It is true," was her simple response; and she was rather relieved at the prospect of right feeling and honorable principles, in a case of such a real union with a man like his, she believed. Emerson had said she was to be married to Mr. Caroline Barker, in a marriage with him, was to be a mere matter of form. That was the less hope of this, if, as Mary, with a good reason feared, Emerson had sought, by the most unprincipled means, to win the affections of the family. The fact of his having declined, for her, any knowledge of the matter, was enough; but as this was not to be reconciled to her mind with any other fact than his authorship of the letter, she was more than ever confirming conclusion, that he was for more depraved than he had, even in her estimation, before. The worst feature to her mind, in that letter, was the attempt to use money cast to her by Providence, as a means of gain, and thereby made to appear as if sent to herself.

Day and night Mary thought of all this, and considered, inwardly, as the time approached when Caroline was to pledge her bridal vows. The silence her intercourse between with Caroline, and the better she knew her, the more was she troubled at her thoughts went on to the future. Here was a pure and lovely heart, and for it to be happy in a union with such a man as was Philip Emerson, in her estimation, she felt to be impossible. But could she step forward to throw a barrier in the way of that union? Was it her duty? Could she not stand in the way of Emerson's attainment of his wishes? should she do so again? If she had been absolutely certain that he was the author of the letter sent to Mrs. Barker, there would have been little hesitation as to what she should do. But nearly double on this subject harassed and confused her mind, and made her daily unhappy.

That she was ill at ease, the family saw; and not unfrequently did Caroline, in particular, question her as to the cause.

In her mother, Caroline had no counsellor. The mind of the latter was completely darkened by false views of life, and by the mists of selfish feelings. To her Lord Emerson, she opened her heart fully; but, from the point of view occupied by Mrs. Barker, she was not able to see clearly what it was best for her to do. So, she stop to and wait to prevent a marriage to which both parties were seemingly pledged, was her sense as adhir to be determined hastily.

"If I only knew that Philip Emerson wrote, or even caused to be written, that letter," said Mary, while in conversation with her aunt a few weeks before the wedding of Caroline was to take place, "I would know how to act. My simple duty would then be, to inform Mrs. Barker, and let her make what further investigation she pleased. But I cannot be certain of this. I have no proof."

"You accused him of having written the letter; and did so before Mrs. Barker?" remarked Mrs. May.

"Yes."

"That ought to be sufficient to raise a doubt in the minds of the family, and to cause them to look and inquire further."

"But you know, aunt," replied Mary, "I told Mrs. Barker that when I said this, I was half beside myself, and hardly knew what I was doing."

"That was calculated to mislead her."

"I spoke but the truth. I was simply bewildered. But she took my meaning in a fuller sense than I intended. Aunt Edith! I know what it was right for me to do. Caroline is a good girl, and will never be happy in the wife of Emerson. Knowing this, and with the power in my hands of preventing, in all probability, the marriage, what ought I to do? I wish you would advise me."

But Mrs. May was not prepared to advise her niece to any course of action.

"Wait longer," said she. "Something may occur to make your duty plain."

It will soon be too late, aunt. A few weeks, and all interference will be vain. Ah! to see how unhappy, that lovely girl will be made, and prevented it by a timely warning, will almost break my heart. What a poor return will this be for all the kindness I have received in this family, after every member of Mr. Barker's family."

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"All do not see and feel alike, Mary," said her aunt to this. "Although Caroline may have been deceived in regard to Emerson, she has not your determination. She does not perceive, with the intuitive perception you exercised from your acquaintance with Emerson, his true character; he is nearly attorney at law, and oh-nonsense!—it was all a trick to get her away from Mrs. Barker from selfish purposes. The marriage, which was to take place in a few weeks, will be consummated, and a season of withdrawing him from evil. It may be only a way of saving him from the dominion of evil and selfish passions; or of diverting him through disappointment and suffering, into a higher sphere of action, where other trials will be given. The ways of God are not as man's ways. We are short-sighted; but He is all seeing. Our duty, then, is to do what appears right in our own sight, and leave the result with Him."

Mary saw enough in this argument to prevent her from interfering to hinder the marriage of Emerson and Miss Barker, but not enough to make her feel that she was right in so doing. Hourly the subject was in her mind, and hourly was her heart troubled. So much was she affected thereby, that she was unconscious of much enjoyment in the family of Mr. Barker, and frequent manifest incivilities as to the cause of her evident disquietude of mind. To these topics, Caroline answers were always given, which were often made the subject of conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Barker; the former frequently saying that he was under the impression that Mary knew more of Emerson than she chose to tell them. This idea, however, Mrs. Barker always opposed.

Meanwhile, Mary's intercourse with her mother did not assume a more pleasant character. In her visits to the latter, she found it more and more difficult to repress the subject of conversation between Emerson and Miss Barker, but not enough to justify her in what

Original Letters.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SCANDINAVIA.

[Written for the Saturday Evening Post, by permission of the author.]

NUMBER IV.

[illegible] the "Sound" [illegible] of the town; but I will check a few of the sights and [illegible] and [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1838.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
SPLENDID NOVEL AND TWO TRIUMPH STORIES.
On Monday, July 2nd, 1838.

THE PRIDE OF THE FOREST; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE. By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, Editress of the Ladies' Magazine, Boston, Author of "Northwood," "Sketches of American Character," "The Lawyer's Daughter," &c. &c.

THE CHARM; OR, LOVE AND DUTY. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Author of "Mary Derwent," "Fashion and Famine," "Ruth Ashton," &c. &c.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH. By Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Author of "Ormond," "Manhattan," "Guy Rivers," &c. &c.

OUR NOVELETS.

ADAH THE CAPTIVE; OR, THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPH.
By T. S. ARTHUR.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.
A TALE OF FEUDISM AND SUPERSTITION.
By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "The Deserted Wife," "Retribution," &c. "The Discarded Daughter," "The Missing Bride," "The Two Sisters," "The Gipsy Queen of Clifton," &c. shall give the Sequel to This.

CLARA MORELAND,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
Author of "Leni Leoti," "Viola," "Bertha of the Prairie," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, by well known and highly popular authors, the Post will contain a large amount of original and selected matter, interspersed in a good degree with Humorous Anecdote that may appear in the Fashionable Intelligence, together with the Latest Foreign, Domestic, Colonial Literary, Commercial News, Carefully Written Essays, &c. &c.—including as no reasonable exception to any of the above, that the Post will be found to contain more worthy of a first class paper, and of our good shekelahs.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 22d inst. before the Senate, a message from the Secretary of the Treasury, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, was received, stating that the Secretary of the Treasury has not received any information of the establishment of a branch of the Bank of the United States at Pittsburg, or of the Commissioners of New York, in favour of the Chemical Bank of New York, in favour of the Chemical Bank of New York, in favour of the Chemical Bank

Selected Poetry.

TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

Truth walketh up by Beauty's side;
Beauty is ever Truth's true guide;
Truth is the fairest thing in sight,
Where Beauty's footprint is not slight;
Beauty is nothing unless it be
Some great thought in form.

So Ruskin, Scotland's old seeress
Hath taught us in her lore;
Look up into the twilight sky,
Where Hesperus doth burn,
Without it like a star to fly
Or pierce the ether with a sigh,
Or pretend that with pleasant chiming,
Like Memnon's statue, at sunrise,
Or in the Hebrew lyre,
And on the grassy, flowery sod
Each sentiment had its fitting chord
That Beauty is but Truth unbound,
And clad in colors and in sound,
Truth, beaming into bud and bloom,
Truth, rushing into tone and form,
Truth, bursting into song.

Passing to aim at the end, across each
Stretch forth your hands
Ye Saints and Martyrs of the past,
Ye Saints yet dust and ashes!
Stretch out the dry dust hath not
The wedding of the ring!
Whereof the outward rite may come,
This knowledge is the inward one,
Infinite Wisdom, Power and Love,
Is written on the Heavens
And on the grassy, flowing sod
Each sentiment had its fitting chord
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The Threefold is always one,
And Polytheism hath no controversy—
Nothing can ever beat the Arc,
Which equipoises this vessel to rest
Are not the Centre of Song.
Trees in the Soil Empirean's proof?
Where thinnest leaves have many strong
Beauty through Strength in every bough
There is not in the Tree's dream,
Or in the bird's song of it,
One thought baptized by Beauty's kiss
That perhaps could be omitted from
Whether it exist, talk, or read,
I will vouch its symbol in some deed.

Nor ought to hasten human power
More loving than Almighty Love?
Ought birds to build, and bees to prove
Each like the Great Lover high descended?
Ha!—do the wildest glees of thought
Whereof the Masters of Fancy grow,
Each little bud, each leaf, each sound
A speck from Heaven's eternal ground?

The Moralist.

THE MORALITY IN WORDS.

FROM "WORDS IN THE SETS OF WORDS."

NO. I.

In man of a divine birth and stock! I come down and look, and behold the follies the lusts and horrors of his creation, that bring happiness to him? I want to know the reason why he neglects to prove it. So much is there in that which could never have existed on any other supposition. Here, for example, is the word which proves the testimony of his relation to God, and of his sentiments of his relation, and of his duty to them; themselves thereon, have found their way into this world on every other ground and supposition. Else, the gentler tinctures of the faith and hope which it is in him. On no other theory does